



For Objects to Come

The storage space in the attic carries traces and marks of previous tenants – a cross hanging from a beam in the ceiling, paint stains on the floor and a pair of old skis, at some point left behind – the door adorned with numbers and a padlock, protecting against intrusion and baring witness of an owner.

There is no more space and a cleaning is necessary to make room for new things. Most of it has been packed in brown boxes and bags, of which I no longer remember the contents. Squeezed in between the boxes and the bags are items still waiting to be organised. Ending up here are the things that were rejected or that belong to another time, hidden away but none the less a part of my story and my life, a collection – a spare saucepan, a tennis racket for future matches, chairs awaiting guests. A remarkable number of the objects have never been used, and will eventually be replaced or thrown away.

Object.01. Computer bag from previous job and complementary computer, never used. 2009

Object.02. Clock pendulum belonging to the gold clock, from grandmother's sister Kerstin. The pendulum was removed from the clock when the ticking disturbed other family members. 1995

Object.03. Bag, left behind from past relationship. 2004

Object.04. Sailor jacket, good condition. Purchased at the army supply store in Karlsborg. 2015





Object.05. Saucepan, from previous apartment, traces of burnt ravioli. 1997

Object.06. Unknown videotape (transfer to computer). 2007

Object.07. Notes from studies. Mostly things I already know. Smells strange. 1997-2001

Object.08. Ring from Engagement, Language course abroad, Isle of Wight. 1992

Some of the objects in the attic storage space carry personal value, are memories, items setting off a strip of memories, thousands of them, lying there in wait. To throw away an object might mean to forget. I can't remember what I threw out; it is gone and with it the access to a memory. Many are the things that I have thrown away. Sometimes the only remaining trace is a listing in my bank's database for historical transactions.

Object.09. Lamp, orange from the 1970's, bought at flea market in Umeå, never used. 2001

Object.010. Red phone. 2011

Object.011. Blue phone. Notes, pictures from last apartment. 2002-2006

Object.012. Children's clothes, Miriam 1-2 years old. 2014

Object.013. Letters. 1985-1990

In mobile phones and hard drives my life story is accumulated. Online I can retrieve my search history. Probably, those are the last traces that will remain, status updates and archived mail conversations, stored on hard drives by companies unaware of and untouched by my existence.



Object.014. Old type computer screen. 2000

Object.015. Large collection of vinyl records, skewed due to the heat. 2000

In the back of the storage are my old computers, hard drives and CDs. Chassis for memories like moving boxes. The fear of losing something made me save them, but they still might disappear, threatened by dust, inappropriate temperatures and demagnetization.

Systems disintegrating over time, the heat and the dust in the storage space, electronics oxidizing, returning to their blank origins, devoid of memory, decaying, consumed by bit rot until all that is left are the empty shells.

The time for transferring the data is not at hand, and thus the contents risk being reduced to demagnetized debris, to be carried off to the recycling bin marked electronics: skip loads of messages and texts about to disappear, a pile of junk with traces of our lives mixed with battery acid and chemicals.

Object.016. Box with my daughter's toys and a collection of bills 2012-2014

Object.017. Bag filled with CDs, computer backups. 1999-2007

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The discarded things from the attic storage spaces end up in the garbage rooms: personal objects, memories with no meaning to the rest of us. Underneath one of the bins I once found an obituary notice, stained and yellowed, at some point carefully cut out and saved, now thrown away, lying there, next to photo albums and boxes of old letters. I took a photo of the obituary notice under the bin with my mobile phone. Now the photo has been lost. In one of the boxes in the attic I find my old phones. The photo might be saved in one of them. Just like the moving boxes they contain traces of my life. The blue phone holds the last messages from someone I knew. In the red phone is the first message from someone else. I keep the phone. I want to be able to read the text as I once saw it.

I imagine my storage space in some future time, things preserved for generations, organized and stacked in piles – like in some ancient farmhouse remaining in the same family for centuries. A friend told me of their attic storage space that had been in use for hundreds of years. The family had owned the house for generations and a jumble of items from different times had to be cleaned out. A move was imminent.

In another box I find a videotape. At the beginning of the recording she cuts herself on a piece of paper. She then retells her life story while trying to hide the handkerchief turning red. She is no longer around. Here in the attic I find the tape, thinking I should transfer the recording to my computer before the bit rot sets in.

It was the bit rot that first got me into binding books. I wrote a computer program that created calendars spanning a hundred years. I bound the pages in a book – *For Years to Come*. The last page reads December 2110. The book will also fall apart eventually – paper wearing thin and glue joints coming unstuck.

I write a new computer program inspired by the attic storage cleaning, a memory program consisting of two even squares connected to a camera. Square one represents real-time, what the camera sees. Square two is the past, captured in photographs. Each time you photograph a new object an old one disappears. Square two shows the most recent photos in a sequence, creating an animation.

Object.018. Box with Christmas items

Object.019. Floppy disk 3½-inch, Photos and video from crashed computer. 1997

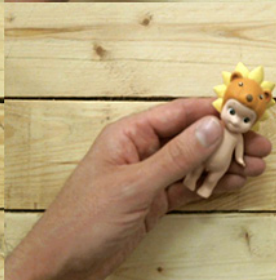
Object.020. Children's clothes, Miriam 2-3 years old, 2015

Object.021. Children's clothes, Miriam 3-4 years old, 2016

I mount the webcam on a tripod and start photographing the things I want to remember, an animation of my hand holding various items, a memory recording of the objects of my life. In the end I might leave the animation on a memory card, wedged between the floorboards in an attic storage space on Slottsskogsgatan 64b.

[illegible]





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